

Jas. S. Wilson & Bro.

BANK ROW NORTH SIDE COURT HOUSE.
RUBBER TIRES.

There are a thousand reasons why you should have your vehicles rubber tired. We have the latest machine for putting on HARTFORD 2-WIRE RUBBER TIRES while you wait. An investigation will soon convince you.

FARM WAGONS.

There is no firm in Central Kentucky carrying a more complete and handsome line of vehicles. Depot wagons, Open wagons, Stanhopes, etc. In Farm Wagons, all the best makes—STUDEBAKER, MITCHELL, OWENS-BORO, and OLDS.

FOOT WARMER.

You need a FOOT WARMER. We have them, the best—CLARKE'S—for \$5, including a dozen bricks.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

In farm implements—Everything, and the best. Vulcan plows, Deering harvesters, etc.

J.S. WILSON & BRO.



I Bought too Many
Chairs and Couches for
Christmas and am sell-
ing them cheap to
make room for my
Spring Stock.

Come in and inspect
our goods before you
purchase.

J. T. Hinton.



Uncle Sam: "Here, sonny, you are growing altogether too fast."—Minneapolis Journal.

CAN

Here's a Chance to Make
Ten Dollars Easy.

All You Have to Do Is to Pick the
Winners in the Coming
Primary.

Just for the interest attached to a guessing contest, and to put a little more interest into the coming campaign for County officers, The News will give its readers a chance to make ten dollars and have a little fun at guessing on the side.

To the person making the first nearest correct guess of the winners in the Democratic Primary Election which will be held in this county on Saturday, June 1st, 1901, The News will present a ten dollar gold piece. The conditions of the contest are simple. Old subscribers and new subscribers who pay \$2 on their subscriptions will each be entitled to a guess, and to as many guesses as they pay year's subscription. If no one guesses correctly, the first one who guesses the closest to all the winners will receive the ten dollars.

You intend to pay your subscription anyway, and you may as well pay before the first day of June and have a chance of getting your money back, besides gaining the distinction of knowing more about the political situation than your neighbors.

Each guess will be registered when received as to the exact day, hour and minute. No one will be permitted to see how any one else has guessed. In guessing only the offices on the ballot are to be considered.

GUESSING BALLOT.

Representative.....
Judge.....
Attorney.....
Sheriff.....
Clerk.....
School Supt.....
Assessor.....
Jailer.....
Surveyor.....
Coroner.....
Name of Subscriber.....

P. O. Address.....

Date Rec'd.....

Reg. No.....

For list of candidates see the announcement columns of THE NEWS. Cut out the above ballot, fill it in, enclose it and two dollars in envelope and mail to

THE BOURBON NEWS,
PARIS, KY.

Blank ballots may be had at THE NEWS office if you do not wish to cut your paper.

N. B. Subscribers who have already paid their subscriptions to 1902 are entitled to a guess. Cut out the coupon and mail to this office stating as near as possible the date subscription was paid. The contest opens Friday morning, February 15, 1901.

There will be no colored man in the next House of Representatives. Mr. White, of North Carolina, who goes out on the 4th of March, will probably be the last of his race for many years to occupy a seat in the National Legislature. The restriction placed upon Negro suffrage in the Southern States will prevent any more from being elected to either House of Congress. They are growing scarcer and scarcer in legislative bodies in the South, and by and by will have no representation there. Twenty-five years ago there were a dozen colored men on the floor of the House and two or three in the Senate. Some of them were able, upright and useful men. Bruce was the last and the best of the colored Senators, and White closed the career of the Negro in the Lower House.

Oh, Thanks, Awfully.

(Lexington Herald.)

The name of "Eugene Fischhof, Paris, Ky.," was prominent in the reports of the recent Daily Sale at Madison Square Garden. The New York Telegraph, in several instances printed the name and it caused considerable speculation here as to who the Bourbon county buyer was. New Yorkers wondered, too, and the question has been settled by the following, which is taken from the "Telegraph" column of The "Telegraph" Editor morning Telegraph:

If your account of the Daily Sale I notice that you give me as the purchaser of Ayshire Rose, Black Cap and Aspidium (which is correct) with my address as Paris, Ky., I have not the felicity of residence in Kentucky, though I have the highest respect for that State so noted for its good horses and other desirable staples, and have long hoped to be able to find occasion to visit some of its great breeding farms. I am only a resident of Paris, France, but there my colors—black and yellow—are fairly well known on the turf, where my horses have been among the leading winners in the steeplechase and hurdle race for several years.

EUGENE FISCHHOF.

We hasten to print the correction with the assurance, Mons. Fischhof, that a carter printer substituted "Kentucky" for "France." As an American and a lover of thoroughbred, the printer could not think of any Paris but that sweet little town in the heart of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky.

At the big combination auction sale at Kansas City the heifer Cernation, which was champion of America as a calf and as a yearling, was sold for \$8,700, the world's highest record for a Hereford female.

The Story of a Mean Man.

This is the story of a mean man. He may not be the meanest on record, but he carries a very fair brand of close fistfulness. He had a contract to supply a certain amount of crushed stone. The machine he used could turn out all the work he could get by running eight hours a day.

The mean man had an engineer who was a genius. The genius went to his employer one day and said he thought he could make some improvements in that machine so it would do more work in less time. The genius was paid by the month. He worked on the machine for several days, taking it apart and putting it together again. When reconstructed, it proved to have greater efficiency than before, so much so that it did the same amount of work in one minute and a half that it used to take four and a half to do.

The mean man, however, could get no more contracts than before. He could fill all his orders by running about three hours a day. The mean man then went to the genius and said: "See here, Henry, I've been paying you by the month, but there isn't as much work as there used to be—not enough to keep you busy. I shall have to pay you by the hour after this."

Henry murmured. He is a keen, thoughtful, but he didn't think that ought to reduce his earnings over one-half. His employer was firm, however, and Henry resigned—New York Mail and Express.

An Experiment in Journalism. One there was a really radical paper, in London it was, but the man who made it now lives here and tells the tale. It was one of those papers which are a tragedy. They represent the wreck of the enthusiasm of strong men who must find the outlet for their apostolate. This paper began by being at odds with all that was established, and it had readers. But as time went on the man who made the paper drove off singly and in groups all those who had begun by being his supporters. It was found a little too radical for them, and they no longer kept step with its newest march.

"Of course I now can see that such a paper was foredoomed to failure," the editor said after he had recited the early history of his venture. "I confess it was pretty strong even for British radicals. After the circulation had dwindled down to the extremists I succeeded in alienating about half of them by denouncing social democracy as feudal oppression, and the other half left me when I attacked atheism on the score of its superstitious tendencies. After that I ran the paper as long as I could without any subscribers. But I had to give it up. Nobody would read it except myself, and toward the end I had to give up reading it myself. I found it too unsettling. So it stopped."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

WORDS.

Words are great forces in the realm of life. Be careful of their use. Who talks of hate, Of poverty, of sickness, but sets the seeds of these very elements to mar his fate.

When love, health, happiness and plenty hear Their names repeated over day by day, They wing their way to answering fancies near, Then settle down within our homes to stay.

Who talks of evil conjures into shape That formless thing and gives it life and scope. This is the law; then let no word escape That does not breathe of everlasting hope.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Woman's Home Companion.

A MATCH FOR A MILLION.

Winning a Wrestling Bout the Foundation of a Fortune.

"Had I caught my train that night," laughed the man who has had nothing to do for a quarter of a century but to sit and watch pine trees grow to swell his bank account, "I would probably be a farmer man trying to raise a mortgage and a few other things. I had gone to a little town in lower Wisconsin to see a colt that a man there wanted to sell. I was a good judge of stock and pretty shrewd on a trade, but a greater country had never broke into a town. I would have walked back to the farm after I found myself too late for the train, but I saw a handbill announcing a show that night and could not resist the temptation to see it, though it did cost a quarter."

"In my hilarious appreciation I was more of an entertainment than they had on the stage, especially as I was utterly oblivious to the fact that I did not look like any one else in the audience. Toward the end of the performance a large fellow came out, tossed about him the air, held men out at arm's length and lifted heavy weights. After this showing of his prowess he offered \$10 to any one whom he could throw inside of two minutes. I was the crack wrestler in all our section, though none present knew it, and I felt as though the challenge was aimed directly at me. I turned hot and cold during a few seconds of extreme silence. Then I sprang up and as I came out of my old blouse shouted, 'I'll go you, big fellow!'

"There was a roar of laughter, and then some of those about me urged me not to go up there and have my neck broken. But one old man told me to go in and do my best. It was a tough job, but I finally threw the giant almost through the door with a hip throw. There was a little hesitancy about giving me the \$10, but the crowd shouted until I got it. The old man took me home with him, and in a week I had charge of all the teams in his lumber camp. In time I became a partner, and he cleared the way to make me rich. That was really a match for a million."—Washington Star.

How He Earned Breakfast.

I must have waited the streets (of Richmond) till after midnight. At last I became so exhausted that I could walk no longer. I was tired, I was hungry, I was everything but discouraged. Just about the time when I reached extreme physical exhaustion I came upon a portion of a street where the board sidewalk was considerably elevated. I waited for a few minutes till I was sure that no passersby could see me and then crept under the sidewalk and lay for the night upon the ground, with my sack of clothing for a pillow. Nearly all night I could hear the tramp of feet over my head.

The next morning I found myself somewhat refreshed, but I was extremely hungry, because it had been a long time since I had had sufficient food. As soon as it became light enough for me to see my surroundings I noticed that I was near a large ship and that this ship seemed to be unloading a cargo of pig iron. I went at once to the vessel and asked the captain to permit me to help unload a sack of clothing in order to get money for food. The captain, a white man, who seemed to be kind hearted, consented. I worked long enough to earn money for my breakfast, and it seems to me, as I remember it now, to have been about the best breakfast that I have ever eaten.—Booker T. Washington in Outlook.

Little Harry's Diplomacy.

Little Harry was very fond of sweet things to eat, and especially of puddings, which were his favorite dessert. Accordingly his dinners were made a burden to him, since his parents persisted that he must make his meals off the substantial and leave what Harry called the good things until last. One day, when I was dining with him, he was tickled with the tantalizing odors of his most favored pudding and scheme was born in his brain that points his way to future greatness. When his mother put before him a plate of meat and potatoes he eyed it a moment in apparent ecstasy, then, showing it regretfully away, he said:

"I declare that looks so good I guess I'll leave it till the very last thing and get rid of that pudding first!"—What to Eat.

Got No Autograph.

To an applicant for his autograph Mark Twain on one occasion sent a letter the substance of which was as follows:

"To ask a doctor or builder or sculptor for his autograph would be in no way rude. To ask one of these for a specimen of his work, however, is quite another thing. The request might be justifiably refused. It would never be fair to ask a doctor for one of his corpses to remember him by."

There was no autograph to the letter, which was typewritten throughout.

Don't get the notion in helping the poor that you can do more with a "cheerful word" than you can with a dollar.—Atchison Globe.

Always speak well of the dead, and if you have the you might speak a good word for the living occasionally.

How the Artist Was Called.

When Henry S. Watson, the illustrator, landed at Naples, he did not know much about European travel. He had to make some sketches in the villages about Naples, and his experiences have filled all his books enough for a lifetime. His left pencil helped him a bit. At one little village inn he tried to get it through the landlord's head that he was to be called early in the morning. He couldn't make himself understood. At last he drew a picture of himself lying in bed, the sun peeping through the window, the clock at the hour of 6 and the chambermaid knocking at the door. Then it was quite plain, and they woke him on the tick.—Saturday Evening Post.

AARON BURR'S MAGNETISM.

He Conquered All Female Hearts Without an Effort.

"From the time the beautiful and brilliant Mme. Junel had been a young girl and when Aaron Burr was only a captain in the American army she had been more than once under the spell of his strange fascination," writes William Feltine in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Burr had introduced her to the celebrated Margaret Moncrieff, had desperately flirted with her and had implanted within her an admiration which was still alive when he was an aged social exile. She had written of him in earlier days that he appeared 'to her to be the perfection of manhood,' that his figure and form had been fashioned in the mold of the graces and that he was as familiar with the drawing room as with the camp."

"In a word," she said, "he was a combined model of Mars and Apollo. His eye was of the deepest black and sparkled with an incomprehensible brilliancy when he smiled, but if engaged his power was absolutely terrific. Into whatever female society he chanced by the fortunes of war or the vicissitudes of private life to be cast, he conquered all hearts without an effort, and until he became deeply involved in the affairs of state and the vexations incident to the political arena I do not believe a female capable of the gentle emotions of love ever looked upon him without loving him."

Her Meanness.

An American hostess, on the occasion of a gathering of distinguished people, was endeavoring to add to the pleasure of a Frenchman by talking to him in his native language. Noticing that her lack of fluency was irksome to the lady and desiring to relieve her embarrassment, with praiseworthy amiability the foreigner said:

"Pardon, madame, somewhat the French is difficult for you. I am able to understand your meanness if you will speak English."—London Chronicle.

At the Finger's End.

"My niece," said the doctor, "has joined an organization they call the—what's that? I can't think of the name. I had it at my tongue's end a moment ago—oh, yes, I remember it now. They call it the Thimble club."

"Then you didn't have it at your tongue's end," objected the professor. "You had it at your finger's end."—Chicago Tribune.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROW'S signature is on each box. 25c. (35c-1yr)

Mardi Gras.

New Orleans and Mobile, Feb. 14 to 19, 1901. Tickets on sale at all ticket offices of the Queen & Crescent Route, one fare for the round trip, February 12th to 18th, good to return till March 7th.

Pulman Palace Drawing Room, sleeping Cars Cincinnati to New Orleans, and Chattanooga to Mobile. Finest trains in the South are run via the Q. & C. Write any of the Q. & C. ticket agents for information, or address, W. J. MURPHY, Gen'l Manager, W. C. RINEHART, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Cincinnati, O.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure cold in one day. No cure no pay. Price 25 cents.



A New and Complete Treatment, consisting of PILE CURE, Capsules of Ointment and two Boxes of Tablets. A never failing Cure for Piles, hemorrhoids and rectal disease. It makes an operation unnecessary. It cures in one week. It is a safe and reliable remedy. Why reduce this terrible disease? We Pack a Written Guarantee in each \$1 Box. You only pay for benefits received. 50c and \$1 a box, 2 for \$2. Sent by mail.

JAPANESE PILE OINTMENT, 25c. a Box.

CONSTIPATION Cured, Piles Prevented.

By Japanese Pile Ointment and Tablets. The great LIVER and STOMACH REGULATOR and BLOOD PURIFIER. Small, safe and pleasant to take, especially adapted for children. Use 50c Japanese Pile Cure for sale only by W. T. Brooks.

JAY BIRD!

(SIRE OF.)

ALLERTON 2:00 1/4, Early Bird 2:10, Miss Jay 2:11 1/4, Rose Croix 2:11 1/4; 83 2:30 Performers.

\$100 To Insure.

Scarlet Wilkes,

Pacing Record 2:23 1/4, Trial 2:14 1/4, trotting trial 2:37.

(SIRE OF.)

GEORGE 2:08 1/4, Pacing, 2:13 1/4, trotting, Mercury Wilkes 2:14 1/4; Captain White 2:15; The Duke 2:16; Elsie Harris 2:24; Marlboro 2:25; Alice Fraser 2:21 1/4.

By Red Wilkes sire of 148 2:30 Performers.

Dam Tipsey (dam of The Shah 2:10 1/4; Scarlet Wilkes 2:23 1/4; Glen Mary 2:25 1/4; Glenwood sire of 3 in 2:30) by "41" cable son of Mambrino Chief sire of one Great Mambrino Patchen.

2nd dam Mary Weaver (dam of Don 2:23 1/4; Robin M. 2:24 1/4; Mary B. 2:29) by Vermont Black Hawk.

SCARLET WILKES is a beautiful Mahogany, bay 15.3, and weighs 1,150. He sires trotters and pacers and the best saddle horses in the country. He has the very best disposition and his colts are level headed and good lookers.

\$25 To Insure.

Maplehurst, Paris Kentucky
Bacon & Brennan.

A. F. WHEELER!

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Lace
Curtains, Etc.

A few Heating Stoves on hand that we sell cheap; also an elegant line of Cooking Stoves. Special bargains in pictures, Desks, Dressing Tables, Leather Chairs, and Couches.

Don't fail to see me B-4 buying anything in the furniture line. It pays to

A. F. WHEELER'S
NEW FURNITURE STORE!

NEXT DOOR TO HOTEL WINDSO. PARIS, KY.

STACY ADAMS SHOES

AT COST.

\$3.95. \$3.95. \$3.95.

I have a limited number of the celebrated STACY ADAMS SHOE, the best shoe made, all sizes, in Tans and blacks, Kangaroo, Box Calf Russia Calf, Vici Kid, Patent Leather in Lace and Button. These shoes are regular \$5 and \$6 grades. I am making a run on them for Cash only at

\$3.95. \$3.95. \$3.95.

GEORGE McWILLIAMS.

MAIN STREETS. NIPPERT BLOCK.

KENTUCKY

River Bottom Cultivated Hemp Seed.
New Crop, latest importation.
Clover, Timothy Seed.

CHAS. S. BRENT & BRO.

Don't Forget

WE SELL THE
CELEBRATED

Radiant Home

STOVE.

Winn & Lowry.

FOR

FIRST-CLASS SERVICE

SEND YOUR WORK TO THE

Bourbon

Laundry Co.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures a Cough or Cold at once.

Conquers Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Grippe and Consumption. Mothers praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Quick, sure results. Get only Dr. Bull's. Price, 25 cents. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Fifty pills, 10 cts. Trial box, 2 cts.